

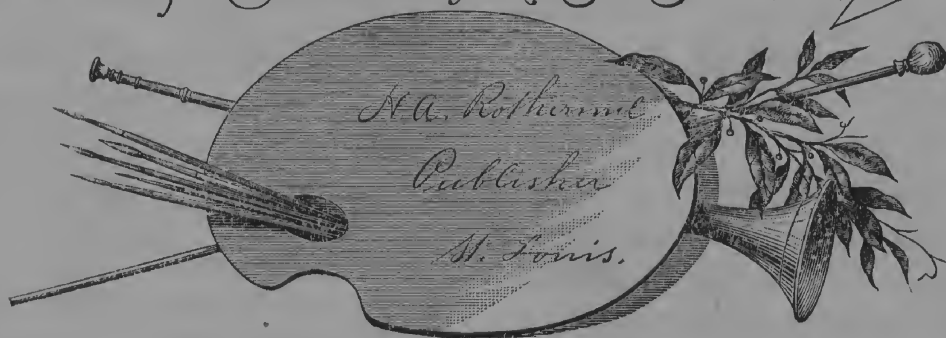
1881



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HALSEY C. IVES.

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VOL. I.

DECEMBER,

NO. 4.

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ART AND MUSIC.

Vol. I.

FOR DECEMBER, 1881.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
A PEEP INTO ONE OF OUR LOCAL GALLERIES,	97
ART NOTES. By Askelon,	106
A DIALOGUE ON ART. By Theodore Harris,	112
A POEM: "Spring Symphony." By Newton S. Otis,	116
MUSICAL MISCELLANEA. By Robert Goldbeck,	117
CAUSERIES ON THE ARTS, concerning Poetry. By Count A. De Vervins,	121
MUSICAL GOSSIP,	123
BUGLE SONG. By Alfred Tennyson; composed by Eduard Sobolwiski.	125
TWO SELECTIONS FROM THE OPERA: "The Fountain of Youth." By W. H. Pommer,	126

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STUDY FROM NATURE..... Etched by James M. Barnslez. Printed by J. M. Kershaw.
SPRING SYMPHONY.....From Painting by Carl Guthery. Artotype by R. Benecke.
IN THE TEXT.

Initial Letter C. By G. W. Chambers.....	97
The Musketer. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	97
The Lesson in Harmony. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	98
The Port of Ostend. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	99
Cattle in the Meadows of Holland. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	100
Beleagured. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	101
The Morning Mail. Sketch By Harry Chase.....	102
Un Savant. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	102
Maternal Haspiness. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	103
Wallachian Horses on the Lower Danube. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	103
The Pretty Model. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	104
Le Connoisseur De Fainece. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	105
The Russian Mail Carrier. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	106
Autumn Morning. Sbetch by Harry Chase.....	107
Cinderella. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	108
L'Attendante. Sketch by Harry Chase.....	109
La Tristesse, Sketch by Harry Chase.....	110

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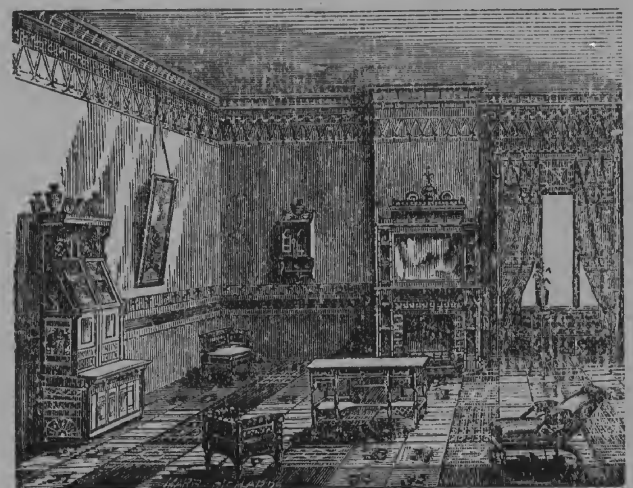
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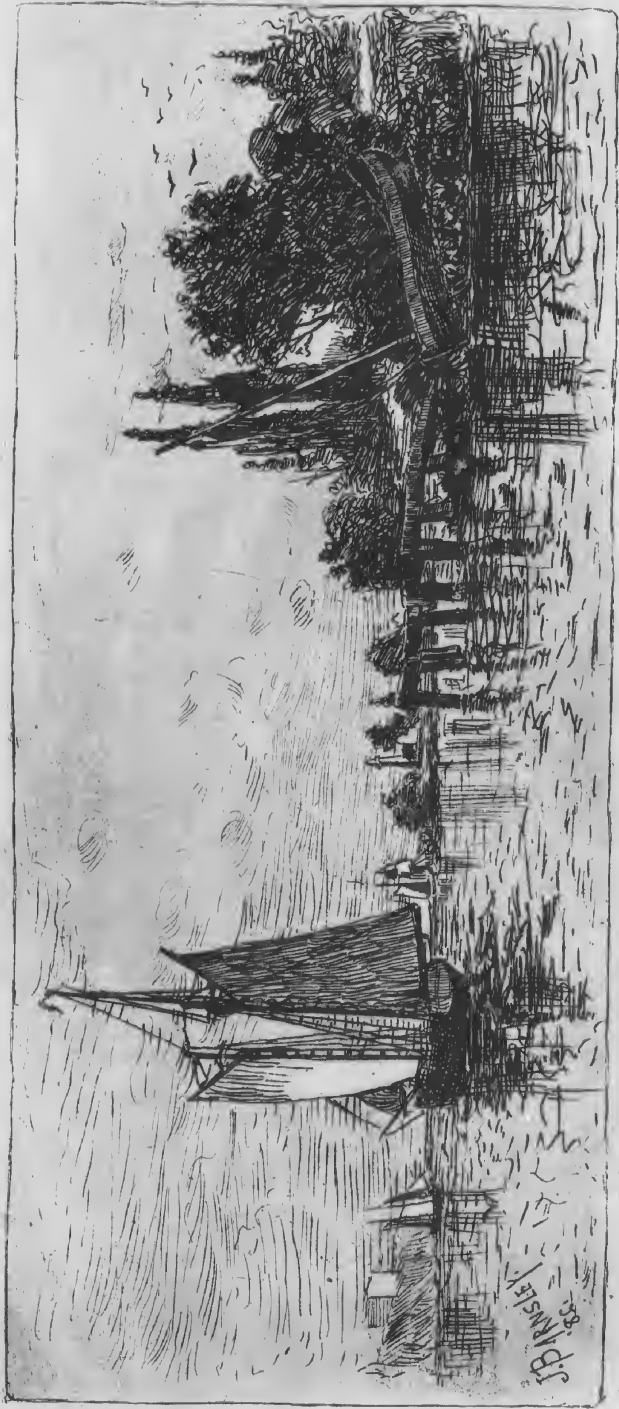
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Memoirs of Halsey C. Ives



A PEEP INTO ONE OF OUR LOCAL GALLERIES.



OUTURE says, in his essay on THE CRITIC: "There are some men who are born to produce as there are others born to appreciate."

The quality of the work with which Mr. Hercules L. Dousman has surrounded himself is convincing proof of this statement. That some are born to produce is evidenced by the pictures themselves; that some are born to appreciate is shown by the presence of these pictures in Mr. Dousman's gallery.

There is a great deal of satisfaction in the contemplation of the fact that in a city so generally lacking in artistic appreciation, there are some whose taste leads them to gather about them works equal to many found in the finest public or private galleries of Europe. That this taste does not extend to others whose means can offer no excuse for the absence of any evidence of it, is of course, always a cause of regret. We can not, however, quarrel with them for this; the time has not come when they feel the need of it. We can only go on in our labor for progression, thankful that the desires of a few bring in our midst the best conceptions of many modern



MEISSONIER, PINX.

H. CHASE, DEL.

THE MUSKETER.

masters. That Mr. Dousman's gallery, or indeed that the galleries of others containing equally fine pictures, do not hold work from the easels of our local artists, need be no cause of complaint in us. While it can not be denied that local art needs nurture of the carefulest kind, it must be admitted that it falls far short of what honest endeavor might or indeed would make it. Choice does not lead us to speak of the pictures we shall mention below.



J. AUBERT, PINX

H. CHASE, DEL.

THE LESSON IN HARMONY.

There are many representative works of better artists than some here given, but for want of illustrations they must be left for another time.

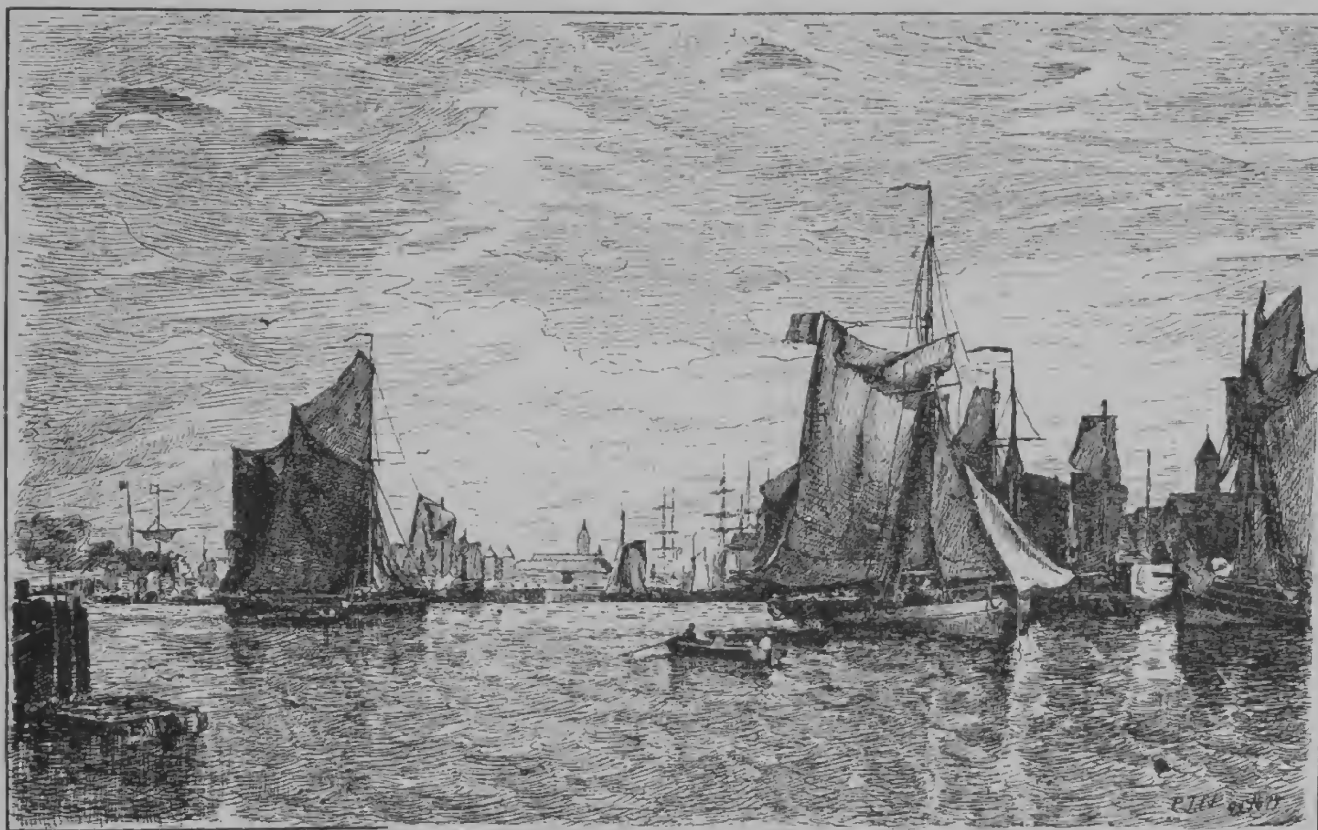
It may be said in this connection that those of the illustrations having no accompanying comment or mention, have been disposed of by Mr. Dousman. Taking the catalogue gotten up by Mr. Dousman, and illustrated by Harry Chase, we find the first to be a pen and ink sketch by Jean-Ernest Aubert, called "The Lesson in Harmony." Like many of the pictures of this artist, it is classical in conception and treatment.

The elements of the picture are very simple. A youth and maiden sit in close proximity to each other beside the calm sea. The youth watches the maiden with great interest and concern, while she plays with graceful, yet unaccustomed fingers, a golden pipe. At their left stands Eros, holding, with his right hand, his bow and arrow; the need for them is past, and he now delicately blows a soft melody in his tiny pipe, which fills their ears with music and their hearts with love.

The serene blue sky behind them and the sea of deeper blue is in happy accord with the feeling of the figures. All nature is in tune with the harmony of their new-born love.

Aubert is a Parisian, having been born in Paris in 1824. He entered the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* in 1841, under Delaroche and Martinet, after which he spent four years in Italy. In 1844 he won the *Prix de Rome* for engraving; third-class medal in 1857 for lithography; *rappel* in 1859; third-class medal in 1861, and a medal of the second-class in 1878 for painting exposed at the salon.

Of a very different class is the picture by Pierre-Jean Clays of the "Port of Ostend." In this picture, so full of life and action, he is at his best. The wind blows and the clouds roll over head from behind the busy city; the ships rise and dip with the gentle swell, and swing past with a graceful air, while the water curls and laps in ever changing, dancing light. One feels as though he could almost hear the rush of steam as it escapes from the steamer drawn up to the wharf in the back ground. The composition is well chosen, while the clearness of color and vigor of handling is beyond all praise.



P. J. CLAYS, PINX.

THE PORT OF OSTEND.

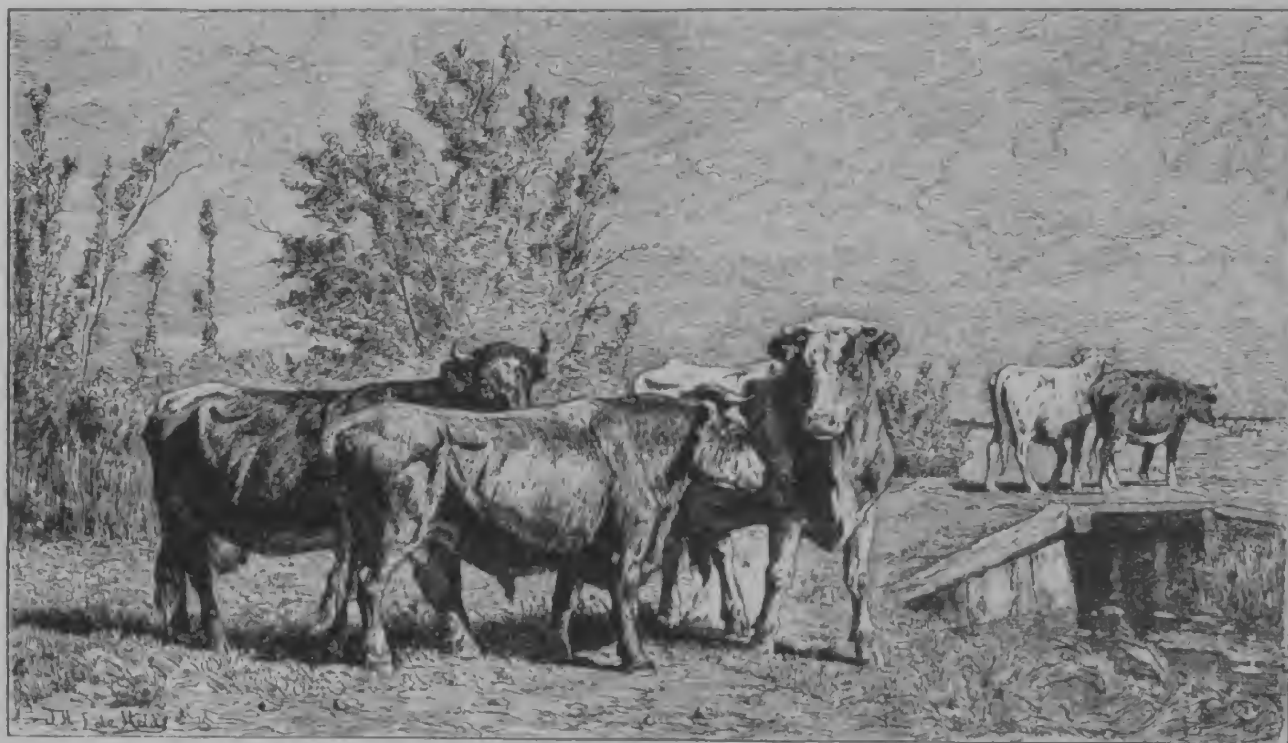
H. CHASE, DEL.

Paul Mantz, in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1867, says of Clays: "He is Flemish in his manner of painting, and in his choice of landscape is somewhat like the Dutch. * * * The water has found in Clays a marvelously exact painter; he gives it movement, limpidity, life; and with happy talent he knows the spots where the sun's rays cross it to fill it with light."

Clays was born at Bruges (1819), and is therefore a Belgian. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and of the Order of Leopold. He was a pupil of Gudin, having studied under him in Paris. He settled at Brussels, where, in 1851, he received a gold medal.

"In the meadows of Holland" is by J. H. L. De Haas, a Belgian painter of distinguished fame, and a chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

The London *Art Journal* calls him "one of the greatest living animal painters."



J. L. DE HAAS, PINX.

H. CHASE, DEL.

CATTLE IN THE MEADOWS OF HOLLAND.

Although his cattle have not that quality of technique so admirable in Troyon and Van Marcke, they are not wanting in intelligence of expression. He seems always to choose well modeled animals, and paints them with great solidity.

Like many other cattle painters, De Haas does not succeed in putting light into his skies. One cannot say that he knows not how, since his skies seem to be intended as nothing more nor less than backgrounds.

His composition, however, is all that could be desired, simple and broad.

The London *Art Journal*, of July, 1876, speaking of the International Exhibition, held in Conduit street, says of him, in this connection: "De Haas, whose cattle pieces are so justly admired, is seen in considerable force. De Haas, who, in the landscape portion of his pictures, often seeks the aid of Verheyden, may be compared with the German Schleich, who combines with his mastery over cattle a pleasing facility in landscape."

His works are sought after by collectors, for which they pay good prices. At the Latham sale in New York, 1878, "The Coming Storm," representing Dutch cattle, 37 inches by 62 in size, brought nearly \$3,000.

From this quiet pastoral picture we turn to one of carnage, by Alphonse De Neuville. In the corner of a rural garden, beneath a peaceful sun-set sky, is a handful of brave fellows defending themselves from an unseen enemy. The tender plants about the garden have been torn and trampled in the conflict.

In the foreground lies a soldier dead. Strewn about with reckless abandon are guns, caps, haversacks, and other warlike paraphrenalia.

In the distance rises the spire of the village church, the gilded ball and peak of which gleam with the last rays of the setting sun. Like all of De Neuville's work, the treatment is exceedingly bold, and displays a wonderful knowledge. He is thoroughly conversant with the language of color. He was born at Saint-Omer in 1836. At 23 years of age his first picture, "The Gervais Battery," took a medal of the third class, and in 1861 his "Chasseurs of the Guard" received the second class medal at the *salon*. His picture of "The Last Cartouches at Balan" got for him the cross of the Legion of Honor in 1873. Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," June, 1874, says: "De Neuville has not, perhaps, the exactness and careful timidity of Detaille, * * * but he has freedom, audacity, movement, truth of physiognomy, truth of gesture, truth of color, at the end of his brush, and all without visible effort. In a word, he has the genius of

action, that entirely French quality which one cannot exact from a Dutchman like Detaille."

He paints nothing without nature, and he has been known to require several models at the same time, to keep up a continuous firing, in order that he might paint the action of the flame and smoke. On his summer sketching tours he takes two models with him, one his cook, the other his *valet*.



A. DE NEUVILLE, PINX.

H. CHASE, DEL.

BELEAGURED.

"Morning Mail," by Ferdinand Heilbuth, is one of those charming bits of quiet nature which always gives pleasure to the spectator. A young lady from the city sits on the beach deeply absorbed in a letter, possibly from some loved one who cannot, like herself, leave the



F. HEILBUTH, PINX.

THE MORNING MAIL.

H. CHASE, DEL.

noise and whirl of the city for the pleasures of a seaside town. She has withdrawn from her party, who are seated beyond her on the shingle watching the crawling waves, and tossing pebbles into their liquid depths. There is a charming feeling of nature throughout this unpretentious picture. The breezy air, the moving clouds and water are truthfully, though suggestively, rendered. Heilbuth, although a German, born at Hamburg, is thoroughly

French in his color and treatment. His merit has made him chevalier of the Legion of Honor. "Un Savant," by Ph. Parrot Lecomte, is a rather hackneyed subject, and must be admired more for the extreme care with which it is painted, and the beautifully clean and clear color throughout, than for its pictorial value.

It is not wanting in interest, however. The old fellow seated at a table piled and strewn with ponderous tomes, with antiquated quill pen in his poised hand, is always sure of admirers. As his rugged and thoughtful face is turned to consult a large volume before him, it is well brought out by the light from the mullioned window. His attire and general surroundings, which betoken extreme, though somewhat aged, respectability, are thoroughly characteristic. The condition of the pen on the floor in front of him would seem to indicate that he had thrown it there in a quiet rage awakened by its slovenly sputterings.



P. LECOMTE, PINX.

UN SAVANT.

H. CHASE, DEL.

Gabriel Max approximates nearer at times to the manner of the old masters than any modern painter. His work is always characterized by its extreme simplicity. However severe this may grow, there is always an ineffaceable charm about it.

In the picture, "Maternal Happiness," there is much to marvel at. Seated by an open window, through which is seen the last glow of a summer sunset, is a young mother with her partly naked child in her arms. As she gazes down into the smiling babe's eyes, there is an inexpressible tenderness, a spiritual light in her face which makes one feel that it was she who bore this child, that the child is part of the mother.

The spirituality with which the whole picture is imbued belongs to the Artist. The mother, while human, has no real existence, no model could have posed for it. The picture has no confusing accessories; the eye may rest on the figures in undisturbed repose.

To speak of the technical merits of the picture would be superfluous. S. G. W. Benjamin in *Contemporary Art in Europe*, says of this master: "When we come to Gabriel Max, we find a genius, to the analysis of whose masterly conceptions we should much prefer devoting a chapter instead of a few meager paragraphs. In respect of mental grasp and imagination, combined with technical ability, we should give the first place in the contemporary Munich School to Max and Böcklin.



G. MAX, PINX.

H. CHASE, DEL.

MATERNAL HAPPINESS.



A. SCHREYER, PINX.

WALLACHIAN HORSES ON THE LOWER DANUBE.

H. CHASE, DEL.

Adolphe Schreyer, who painted the next picture. "Wallachian Horses on the Danube," is a painter of great talent and greater fame. Of German birth,

Frankfort-on-the-Main, 1828, he took medals in Paris in the years 1864-65 and 67; at Vienna in 1873; at Brussels in 1863, also the Cross of the Order of Leopold in 1864.

He never fails to fill his spectator with admiration. This in spite of the fact that he cannot paint sunlight or atmosphere at all.

His color is wonderfully "sweet," as artists speak of it, and his handling very refined.

"The Pretty Model," by V. Palmaroli, is an exquisitely delicate little picture, not however without its faults. Seated on a table in charming abandon, is a young girl carelessly strumming a mandolin. She is well aware that she is pretty as she dimples her cheeks with a roguish smile. Unlike many of the Spanish-Roman painters, Palmaroli gets wonderful brilliancy of color without confusion, though his drawing is not always of the highest standard. The composition and *technique* of this little piece are both excellent.

An article in the *Gazette des Beaux Art* speaks thus of Palmaroli:

"Since the first day of the Exposition, the critics, whose enthusiasm was immediately excited, group themselves eagerly before the 'Sermon in the Sistine Chapel.'"

It is because one is always attracted by works in which effect and style are in unity. The picture of Palmaroli has this merit: it is harmonious, it is tranquil, it is sober, and,

moreover, adequately colored; the reds, the blacks, the whites, the browns, are so marvelously mingled, that this flourish of trumpets (in color) does not cover up the monotonous voice of the preacher. What is wanting in this picture (but in so small a measure that perhaps I ought not to speak of it) is a more marked character in the physiognomies of the personages. It seems that such an artist as might be named—Meissonier, for example—would have *buriné* with more incisive traits the faces of the Cardinals and Archbishops. But what we say ought not to hinder the sympathy awakened by the picture of Palmaroli. Even after the 'Sistine Chapel' of Ingres, this work is excellent."



V. PALMAROLI, PINX.

THE PRETTY MODEL.

H. CHASE, DEL.

"Le Connoisseur de Faience," is from the pencil of Villegas, a pupil of the Spanish Roman school, and like too many of that school, it is confusing because of the brilliancy of color.

His objects do not keep their places. They fairly sparkle with light and color, but they are somewhat tiring. As a piece of color it can hardly be surpassed, but as in many pictures of this kind one longs for some spot where the eye may rest. The evident pride

and interest with which the old gentleman evidently regards his plaque is faithfully rendered.

To speak as one should, of the gallery proper and the works contained in it, would require more time and space than we have at command, wherefore this rambling outline sketch. It is with pleasure that we learned of this gallery, as it is a source of constant enjoyment. Its kind possessor virtually places it at the disposal of the public, and those who may have the wisdom to possess themselves of tickets of admission can bear witness to the treat there stored.

There are many pictures in the collection of which we write, of greater merit and interest than those here spoken of. There is a picture by Benjamin Constant (exhibited at our last fair) of Cæsars Daughter, which, in our estimation is the gem of the gallery. There are certainly few painters living who can equal Constant in color. Added to this



VILLEGAS, PINX.

H. CHASE, DEL.

LE CONNOISSEUR DE FAIENCE.

is a realism of expression unsurpassed by any. But this picture, together with examples of Bouguereau, Jacquet, Duran Alvarez, Kray and forty or fifty others must, as we have said, be left until another time.

ART NOTES.

HOWEVER far we may be in the United States from an Art School of perfected organization and methods, the situation is not entirely discouraging. Brilliant possibilities are the property only of the unachieved; and it is better that our art be nebulous in form, unendowed as yet with vigorous life, than that she be old, plagued with conventionalities, corrupt in spirit. By the very weaknesses and errors of the foreign schools we should be able to form our own more national, stronger, purer than any. So the American who is thoughtful and independent will come from abroad content that what Art we have, although not yet distinctively American, is neither French, German, nor English. The snake of snobbery has bitten a certain class in our country, and in this class



I. CHEIMONSKI, PINX.

II. CHASE, DEL.

THE RUSSIAN MAIL CARRIER

is a madness after everything foreign, a shame or indifference concerning everything national. But this, though loud-speaking, is not the element in the nation whose influence is essential to its progress; secretly ridiculed by foreigners, condemned by sensible Americans, they live self-deprived of a country, very small pebbles in the way of any growth current. On the other hand, he who, living abroad, studies the past, observes the present, and from both deduces the future, has nothing to fear for the United States, so long as it remains founded on Christianity and morality. What has this to do with Art? Simply everything.

Whom would the poet sing, the painter who begins his work with a prayer, and wrestles for inspiration in its pauses; who fasts and ponders that he may realize the rapture or agony of saint or savior, beggar, martyr, or mother he depicts; or the Parisian artist—Débauché, plying his facile brush between two revels, his mistress for his model, wine for his prompter, his aim half-forgotten, while he sings "Vive la France, l'art, l'amour"! simply as a spectacle, which is the nobler? But it is something more. Our artists are to be our educators as much as our teachers and pastors. Our sons and daughters are to be influenced



JULES DUPRE, PINX.

AUTUMN MORNING.

H. CHASE, DEL.

by their work. So for the sake of our place among the nations, our continuance in prosperity, the safety of our homes, let us determine now, while the tree is tender, the bent that our Art is to take. Strong and national it seems to promise to be; the spiritual is always the later development. And while in art circles one can hear much criticism of technique, composition, values, if the work prove satisfactory in these regards, its import and influence are likely to be entirely ignored, unthought of. The strength of our artists is often so taxed by material difficulties, by the earlier steps of their progress that they have little attention left for what their art embodies.

But let them study the authority of great painters and they must be convinced of their oversight. Couture says: "All great artists have impregnated their pictures with their own vitality;" if that vitality be weak, soiled, how can the artist look for noble work? The same writer says also, speaking of the necessity of studying Nature: "This recalls to me those poor painters who believe they copy Nature when studying from men and women of

the lowest class, whom they drape in old curtains or ancient drapery. When they have these ridiculous objects before them, what do they copy? something out of Nature." As collectors, how many of us have admired and purchased "something out of Nature?"

In this matter of high standards the worst foe is mere indifference, the resistance of inertia. He who paints deliberately immoral pictures or those which in any respect express decidedly low ideas, awakens criticism which clears the air and results in his general condemnation by the public. It is the mechanical, irresponsible worker in ruts who discourages. He paints this "because it will sell," that "because they like it." Musing over these forcible mortals one must content himself with the thought that their fruitless weight may help to keep the earth in its orbit—or clog to within the bounds of safety the

impatient footsteps of the too-aspiring; at the least, Providence, being pitiful, will surely pause midway between the positive heaven for the positive good, and the positive hell for the positive wicked, and grant what seems their legitimate fate—simple annihilation. In conclusion, there may be artists who would meet the statement that to have a national school vigorous, chaste and original, they, working for it, must be great in ideals, decided in character and worthy in life, with a smile or a sneer. If so, it matters little. For, unhappily, there exists a class condemned by innate laws to mediocrity—and looking closely at the two groups, they would probably be discovered duplicates, one of the other.

Speaking of the temperament ascribed to artists, what sheer nonsense one hears now and



C. JACQUET PINX.

CINDERELLA.

H. CHASE, DEL.

then on the subject of the "artistic nature." It is but natural to suppose that they are like any other class of men, following one occupation, but further than that dissimilar and individual in type. The practical man of business, the politic man of the world, the procrastinating dreamer, the plodder, poet, reformer, *roué*, even the nothing-in-particular, are all to be found within artistic ranks, it seems superfluous to state. But much oftener than is essential to my happiness do I hear the artist described in some such rhodomantade

as the following—the entire class formed by the same pattern out of the same clay—and very poor clay at that: “The artist can not possibly be like other men, nor like them, be held accountable for what he is and does, led by phantoms of beauty, visions wherein form and color and feeling hold magic sway. Conventionalities, moral, social and domestic laws are not for him, his soul refusing to enter such narrow bounds. Every phase of life, good



N. DIAZ, PINX.

LA TRISTESSE.

H. CHASE, DEL.

and evil, every face and form, fine and sensual, is to the artist a revelation, to whose fascination he must yield until its meaning is fully solved. How, in the distraction consequent upon these experiences, the moods to which they give rise, can he be faithful to one set of principles, of single constancy in religion, business or love?” The sophistry here condensed would seem too apparent to be important; except that the influence of pernicious doctrines seems in direct ratio to their lack of reason; except that there are men who constantly promulgate such doctrines simply because they wish excuses for their loose morals, insidious means to drag others to their own level. Therefore, so long as art is prostituted to screen natures which would be what they are, were their possessors professors of mathematics, law or shoe-blackening, is made necessary the advocacy of “regarding art not as a business, amusement or accomplishment merely, but as a duty, carrying with it certain moral responsibilities like any other duty.” Some will answer “We have had great interpretations of nature and humanity through these lawless erratic channels; many great painters have been unprincipled men.” This is the argument of the champions of Byron and Shelley in literature, and the answers to both are the same. The fire of genius is divine, and glows wherever it is found; its charm is in itself and not in the smirched medium through which it may be condemned to shine. The peoples of the earth have been barbarous, savage, undercivilized; so that if precedent gives a right, we of the nineteenth century have the right to place ourselves as low as we please; but no excuse, so long as we also have the higher right to be better and wiser than any past generation. But, if we return to the times of the greatest in Art, of Michael Angelo and Raphael, what is the testimony? “When painters become as great as he” (Leonardo da Vinci) “their works become personal deeds; none of their

and evil, every face and form, fine and sensual, is to the artist a revelation, to whose fascination he must yield until its meaning is fully solved. How, in the distraction consequent upon these experiences, the moods to which they give rise, can he be faithful to one set of principles, of single constancy in religion, business or love?” The sophistry here condensed would seem too apparent to be important; except that the influence of pernicious doctrines seems in direct ratio to their lack of reason; except that there are men who constantly promulgate such doctrines simply because they wish excuses for their loose morals, insidious means to drag others to their own level. Therefore, so long as art is prostituted to screen natures which would be what they are, were their possessors professors of mathematics, law or shoe-blackening, is made necessary the advocacy of “regarding art not as a business, amusement or accomplishment merely, but as a duty, carrying with it certain moral responsibilities like any

personal experiences seem to have been without influence upon their works." (Grimm.)

I was struck by the following remarks made by an acquaintance on the new publication "ART AND MUSIC." "It is so dear—only think—fifty cents a number! And I do not think the illustrations of a very high order—compare them with those in *l'Art*, for instance." "Compare its price and number of subscribers with those of *l'Art*," I answered. "Patronize the magazine for awhile because it is a St. Louis enterprise, if you do not as yet feel an interest in it for itself. As to the price, Mr. Rothermel may or may not find it practicable to reduce it; with a generous subscription list he will undoubtedly take pride in improving his publication to whatever standard the public demands; only the public must do its share." This is not a puff nor an advertisement. I do not know Mr. Rothermel, nor anything concerning the magazine, except what I have seen on its pages. But I have a deep sympathy with all who are waiting for the dead of St. Louis to arise and discover how fast, how far all the world has slipped by and beyond them.



N. DIAZ, PINX

H. CHASE, DEL.

LA TRISTESSE

There are two tests very commonly applied to paintings against which it is time to offer a protest. The one is given so much more than its legitimate importance, the other is so opposed to the rules of art, that a true knowledge of the latter cannot become prevalent while they dominate the minds of the public. The first is illustrated in the remark, "O, how smooth!" or its negative, "How unfinished!" at first sight of a picture. No further criticism follows, the critic possessed of a simple faith that he has said all there is to say. The canvas is to him a surface, and it is nothing more. But he may enlarge on his text: "You can look at it from any point, and you won't see any splotches!" or, "What a pity he doesn't know how to finish; why the paint is actually in layers and ridges." Poor fellow, this non-finisher! It is a pity some one does not suggest that he take a house-painter's brush and ply it up and down until he has mastered the trick of making a surface one could slide on. If he realized how easily he would thus escape oceans of condemnation, and reap approbation by the phrase-full, he would surely "ply." For the more that sky, water, ground, foliage, cattle, human hair and skin, cloth or woollen surfaces look like they had been washed and ironed, or scraped and varnished, and set out to dry, the better pleased are these lovers of planed canvases. "Finish" is an item; but it is only one, and its mode of more importance than its extent. While to the connoisseur, many a rough sketch is vastly superior in strength, breadth, simplicity and purity of color to the finished picture made from it.

The second judgment, the equal of the first in depth and pertinacity, finds its source in a mistaking of Labor for Art. How one good thing can thus be confounded with another may be illustrated by the methods of two portrait painters. The one carries out in his work

the precept "beauty of outline, beauty of masses, as beauty of color require an incessant sacrifice of detail." He sketches with firm, free hand the general outlines of the figure and its drapery, confines his closest work to the face and hands and treats the accessories simply, to keep them in reality accessory. The other, the exponent of the principle of Labor works inch by inch from one corner to another ; does hair-work, stipples skin, makes lace, blacks shoes, knits stockings ; drapes curtain folds with the skill of a shop-man, turns silversmith for the vase on the table, and makes you stare in awed admiration or groan with despair, according as your taste is satisfied or repelled. It is useless to attempt to convince a partisan of the latter method that it is not the most admirable art. The power of imitation ranks first in his mind. It is hopeless to remind him that there is hardly a child who could not sit down with a blocked chromo or oil painting and transfer its forms and colors piece by piece to a blank canvas, sufficient time and patience allowed ; that this child with practice, could also learn to crochet and make lace and comb hair with a sable brush. It is mere folly to picture to him as greater skill the depicting of nature's mysterious moods, the grander crises of human life with free, rapid touches of brush, palette knife and thumb ; the bewilderment of the perhaps talented but wrongly trained child if told, "this is what you must do." Not all the imitative faculty in creation can help him out ; he must first learn to see, to feel, afterwards to express. The fairy the children love waves her wand and all lovely sights become visible, all wonderful deeds possible ; how tame would seem that magic which fashioned coaches and wings with scissors, needle, thread and tools ; which spent hours training elves in the first dance-steps, teaching birds to talk, and let all these processes be seen and fathomed, their results anticipated. But our friend who loves painful, tedious labor as an end and not a medium, who places that of the fingers above brain and heart combined, is "joined to his idols ; let him alone." Yet it seems surplus compassion when we reflect how often he torments us.

ASKELON.

A DIALOGUE ON ART.*

REPORTED BY THEODORE HARRIS.

Dramatis Personæ.

THRASYMACHUS, an Artist of Agios Loudophikus.

PHILALETHES, a Barbarian Philosopher.

Thrasymachus. Tell me, Philalethes, what is Æsthetics?*Philalethes.* You have asked me, Thrasymachus, a brief question, and I shall strive to answer as briefly as is consistent. Æsthetics is the Science of the beautiful.*Thras.* That is all very well, but how would you describe it? how classify it?*Phil.* The Beautiful manifests itself in nature and in Art; but the variety and multiplicity of forms under which beauty presents itself in the real world, do not permit their description and systematic classification. The science of the beautiful has as its principal object, Art and its works; it is the philosophy of the Fine Arts.*Thras.* Is Art, then, a proper object of Science?*Phil.* No, undoubtedly, if we consider it only as an amusement or a frivolous relaxation. But it has a nobler purpose. It will even be a misconception of its true aim to regard it simply as an auxiliary of morals and religion. Although it often serves as interpreter of moral and religious ideas, it preserves its independence. Its proper object is to reveal truth under sensuous forms.*Thras.* Then you would say that it produces its effects by illusion.*Phil.* By no means, Thrasymachus. Appearance here is truer than reality. The images which it places under our eyes are more ideal, more transparent, and also more durable than the mobile and fugitive existence of the real world. The world of Art is truer than that of nature and of history.*Thras.* But, can Science subject to its formulas the free creations of the imagination?*Phil.* Art and Science, Thrasymachus, it is true differ in their methods; but, by Zeus, imagination also has its laws; though free, it has not the right to be lawless. In Art nothing is arbitrary; its ground is the essence of things; its form is borrowed from the real world, and the beautiful is the accord, the harmony of the two terms.*Thras.* What then has Philosophy to do with Art?*Phil.* Philosophy recognizes in works of Art, the eternal content of its meditations.

*Compiled from M. CHAS. BENARD'S Analysis of Hegel's Æsthetics.

the lofty conceptions of intelligence, the passions of man, and the motives of his volition. Philosophy does not pretend to furnish prescriptions to Art, but is able to give useful advice; it follows it in its procedures, and points out to it the paths whereon it may go astray; it alone can furnish to criticism a solid basis and fixed principles.

Thras. What method would your Philosophy pursue in its so-called criticism?

Phil. As to that, Thrasy-machus, two exclusive and opposite courses present themselves. The one, empiric and historic, seeks to draw from the masterpieces of art, the laws of criticism, and the principles of taste. The other, rational and *a priori*, rises immediately to the idea of the beautiful, and deduces from it certain general rules. Aristotle and Plato,—two of your most celebrated philosophers,—represent these two methods. The first reaches only a narrow theory incapable of comprehending Art in its universality; the other, isolating itself on the heights of metaphysics, knows not how to descend therefrom to apply itself to particular Arts, and to appreciate their works. The true method consists in the union of these two methods, in their reconciliation and simultaneous employment. To a positive acquaintance with works of Art, to the discrimination and delicacy of taste necessary to appreciate them, there should be joined philosophic reflection and the capacity of seeing the Beautiful in itself, and of comprehending its characteristics and immutable laws.

Thras. You are talking too vaguely, Philaethes. Now tell me what is the nature of Art?

Phil. The answer to this question can only be, the philosophy of Art itself. Yes, by Zeus, this again can be perfectly understood only in its connection with the other philosophic sciences.

Thras. Words, words! tell me plainly what *is* Art?

Phil. Art is a product of human activity, a creation of the mind.

Thras. Well, is not Science also? What distinguishes them?

Phil. One is the fruit of inspiration, the other of reflection. Art cannot be learned or transmitted; it is a gift of genius. Nothing can possibly supply a lack of talent in the Arts.

Thras. You agree with my views there, exactly, Philaethes. For I claim that the true artist acts blindly, like the forces of Nature, and that reflection has no part in his works.

Phil. By no means, Thrasy-machus! There is in the first place in the Arts a technical part which must be learned, and a skill which is acquired by practice. Furthermore, the more elevated Art becomes, the more it demands an extended and varied culture, a study of the objects of Nature, and a profound knowledge of the human heart.

Thras. You would, then, rank Works of Art above those of Nature?

Phil. Yes, by Zeus! because they are creations of the human spirit, they are not on that account inferior to those of Nature. They are, it is true, *living* only in appearance; but the aim of Art is not to create living being; it seeks to offer to the spirit an image of life clearer than the reality. In this, it *surpasses* Nature. There is also something divine in man, and the gods derive no less honor from the works of human intelligence than from the works of Nature.

Thras. What, Philaethes, do you say is the course which incites man to the production of such works? Is it a caprice, a freak, or an earnest fundamental inclination of his nature?

Phil. It is the same principle which causes him to seek in Science food for his mind, in public life, a theatre for his activity. In Science he endeavors to cognize the truth, pure and unveiled; in Art, truth appears to him not in its pure form, but expressed by images which strike his sense at the same time that they speak to his intelligence. This is the principle in which Art originates, and which assigns to it a rank so high among the creations of the human mind.

Thras. You mean, then, that Art is addressed to the sensibilities.

Phil. Yes, but its direct aim, nevertheless, is not to excite sensation, and give birth to pleasure. Sensation is changeful, varied, contradictory. It represents only the various states or modifications of the soul. If then we consider only the impressions which Art produces upon us, we make abstractions of the truth which it reveals to us. It becomes even impossible to comprehend its grand effects; for the sentiments which it excites in us, are explicable only through the ideas which attach to them.

Thras. Yet this sensuous element, Philaethes, occupies a large place in Art. What part do you assign to it?

Phil. There are two modes of considering sensuous objects in their connection with our mind. The first is that of simple perception of objects by the senses. The mind then knows only their individual side, their particular and concrete form; the essence, the law the substance of things escapes it. At the same time the desire which is awakened in us, is a desire to appropriate them to our own use, to consume them,—to destroy them. The soul in the presence of these objects, feels its dependence; it cannot contemplate them with a free and disinterested eye.

Thras. But is this the only relation of sensuous objects with spirit?

Phil. There is still another, that of speculative thought on Science. Here the intelligence is not content to perceive the object in its concrete form and its individuality; it discards the individual side in order to abstract and disengage from it the law, the universal, the essence. Reason thus lifts itself above the individual form perceived by senses in order to conceive the pure idea in its universality.

Thras. Your distinction seems to me a distinction in words merely.

Phil. Doubtless, foolish Thrasymachus; all distinctions are merely in words until one has learned to see them independent of words.

Thras. But tell me, how does Art differ from one and the other of these modes?

Phil. Art holds the mean between sensuous perception and rational abstraction. It is distinguished from the first in that it does not attach itself to the real but to the appearance, to the form of the object, and in that it does not feel any selfish longing to consume it, to cause it to serve a purpose, to utilize it. It differs from Science in that it is interested in this particular object and in its sensuous form. What it desires to see in it, is neither its materiality, nor the pure ideal in its generality, but an appearance, an image of the truth,

something ideal which appears in it ; it seizes the connective of the two terms, their accord and their inner harmony. Thus the want which it feels is wholly contemplative. In the presence of this vision the soul feels itself freed from all selfish desire. In a word, Art purposely creates images, appearances, designed to represent ideas, to show to us the truth under sensuous forms. Thereby it has the power of stirring the soul in its profoundest depths, of causing it to experience the pure delight springing from the sight and contemplation of the Beautiful.

Thras. Are the two principles, Philaethes, found equally combined in the Artist?

Phil. Most surely, Thrasymachus, the sensuous side is included in the faculty which creates—the imagination. It is not by mechanical toil directed by rules learned by heart that he executes his works ; nor is by a process of reflection like that of the philosopher, who is seeking the truth. The mind has a consciousness of itself, but it cannot seize in an abstract manner the idea which it conceives ; it can represent it only under sensuous forms. The image and the idea co-exist in thought and cannot be separated. Thus the imagination is itself a gift of Nature. Scientific genius is rather a general capacity than an innate and special talent. To succeed in the Arts, there is a necessary, a determinate talent which reveals itself early under the form of an active and irresistible longing and a certain facility in the manipulation of the materials of Art. It is this which makes the painter, the sculptor, the musician.

Thras. By Hercules, Philaethes, you talk as if your words had some significance to you. You are actually drunk with the topic.

Phil. By Zeus, Thrasymachus, there is as much difference in my intoxication and your sobriety as in the gods by whom we swear.

Thras. Not so much difference in the gods as you think, Philaethes. For it is by far nobler to become a demi-god than to be born a god.

Phil. That would be true if a demi-god, such as Hercules, were not invariably joined to a demi-beast. And the conjunction of the two is fit for such as you to worship.

Thras. That is a pleasant jest and well said, Philaethes. But think you the gods have inspired *you* with their wisdom?

Phil. Yes, Thrasymachus, your Apollo has inspired me with a god-like truth, clad in a new and wondrous garb. The words, unlike your rough Greek verse, create their own melody. Listen :

As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim,
So in Art's wide kingdoms ranges
One sole meaning, still the same:
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season
Stands for aye in loveliness.

Thras. You are a dangerous man, Philaethes ; it is such as you that corrupt the morals of the young. I am afraid to be seen talking with you. I will go to the bath and forget the nonsense you have just uttered. [*Exeunt.*]

A SPRING SYMPHONY.

BY NEWTON S. OTIS.

*Dedicated to Carl Guthers, and written after seeing his picture
 "Spring Symphony,"
 in the collection of H. N. Spencer, M. D.*

When winter's gloom takes flight,
 And gone is Nature's night,
 Persephone, from caverns 'neath the sea,
 Waked from her sleep, on fairy wings is borne;
 And o'er the smiling fields doth gayly flee,
 Her plighted tryst to keep, this rosy morn—
 Her lover-god's embrace she seeks each morn.

In robes of brightest hue,
 She decks herself anew
 With dainty grace,—her vesture shows no trace
 Of spot or stain,—that when her lord draws near,
 There may none else within his heart find place,
 And she, more charming still than all appear—
 The fairest thing that ere had birth appear.

Her budding charms to screen,
 A veil of silver sheen
 She spins and twists, and weaves from filmy mists,
 Her lover's gift, evoked from earth and sky:
 That half conceals, yet still reveals, she wists,
 All that her lover bold would fain espy—
 All that a blushing bride would fain deny.

Her laugh awakes the bees,
 Her breath, the apple trees
 Bestrews with white and tinted blossoms, bright:
 And wingéd thoughts of love spring lightly forth,
 Like Cupids gliding on their joyous flight,
 With fantasies of song and dancing mirth—
 Their rondelays, like flowrets, strew the earth.

Then earth, and sea, and sky,
 Their nuptials ratify;
 And voices ring, as marriage hymns they sing,
 Both birds and beasts, and creeping things, I ween:
 A symphony of sounds, and colors, Spring
 Doth ever bring, and by the Artist seen—
 That thrills our souls, though we have dimly seen

Brooklyn, Dec. 21, 1881.



CARL LINTH 1872, PINK

SPRING SYMPHONY.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF H. N. SPENCER, M. D.

PRINTED BY H. N. SPENCER, M. D.

Carl G. Giese

MUSICAL MISCELLANEA.



OF THE celebrated pianists of modern times, Franz Liszt is universally acknowledged the King. He combines in the composition of his genius the German and Hungarian elements, each modifying the other. Fantastic and mystic rather than profane, more enthusiastic than earnest, he gushes forth in mildly grand effect, or pale tearful lament. His execution (we speak now of him as he was when at the height of power as a pianist) was apparently unlimited in capacity. The rapidity and force of his repeated octaves in his "Transcription of the Erlking" were overwhelming and, in contrast, the whisper of sweet passages bewitching in the extreme. His reading at sight bordered on the fabulous, it having been witnessed by many that he played fluently and beautifully from the most complicated and badly written manuscripts. His brilliant gray eyes seemed to consume, with far-reaching burning glances, the contents of an entire page. Orchestral scores, even with twenty instead of two staves, one above the other, he read with unerring security and rapidity. In his memory were stored many of the classical works of the great masters—Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, Scarlatti, Humruek, Chopin, Shumann and many others.—Of late years Liszt has nearly given up piano-playing and devotes his life to musical composition, mostly of a religious character. In America he is probably one of the most popular orchestral composers of the day, there being hardly a concert programme printed in the large cities of this Union which does not contain one of his symphonic or other orchestral pieces. The Lisztian fountain has given us the more recently renowned players: Tansig,[†] Bulow, Pruckner, Mehlig, Essipoff, Rubenstein, Joseffy and many others. All these players stand in the closest spiritual relation to their master Liszt, with the exception of Rubenstein, whose original genius has enabled him to mark out a distinct path for himself. His execution, more perfect than that of Liszt, was in the highest degree beautiful and elegant, but decidedly more narrow in style and manner, since it was really limited to the performance of his own compositions: charming and, so to say, "polite" pieces, admirably adapted to the highly skilled fashionable lady-player in the drawing room. Thalberg's many fantasies on operatic airs, as also the greater number of his original piano pieces will not be neglected for many a year to come. As springing from the Thalbergian source, we might mention, Doehler (often called Mademoiselle Thalberg), Charles Mayer, Prudent Willmers, Kullak and Dryshock,

the latter famous as the greatest and most rapid octave player, but we must add *shockingly dry*, as a composer for his instrument.

Frederic Chopin, the pianist-composer, has, like Liszt and Thalberg, founded an original school, by this we mean that his compositions, such as date from the time of his mature period, bear a stamp unlike anything that had before appeared, allied to a wealth of melody and beauty of effect, sufficient to create an entire world of thought of his own. Singularly enough, no one has followed in the footsteps of Chopin. Has he exhausted the fields of his particular domain, or did their cultivation require a gift so peculiar, so rare, that none could follow him?

Feminine pianists occupy a deservedly high place in the world of art and have this advantage over their masculine colleagues that scarcely any of them have, in their distinguished career, strayed from the honorable, but narrow and difficult path of classical excellence, which leads, and has led them, to the very summit of Parnassus. Their enthusiastic and devoted nature (not unfrequently accused of inconstancy and capriciousness in matters of affection, an accusation which we indignantly reject) faithfully clings to what is most beautiful and elevating in emotional art. All honor to Clara Shumann, Wilhelmine Clauss, Arabella Goddard, Anna Mehlig, Marie Krebs, Madame Essipoff, Julia Rive-King, Teresa Carreur and other fair daughters of St. Cecilia.

A great many people consider classical music a bore. It does not surprise us. They have probably frequently assisted at its assassination and may never have heard it rendered beautifully. Under the hands of a great artist, classical music rarely fails to awaken genuine enthusiasm. Then again the word "classical" is much abused. It suffices that a piece should be the composition of an old author of celebrity, to have it forthwith ranked under the head of classic music. Many masters, of immortal fame have written music which can no longer be called classical. To deserve and conserve this honorable name, it must be beautiful, well proportioned in form, well executed in detail, and free from antiquated fashion. It must be pure and elevated in style, and have an originality of its own. It may be of the simplest description: may be playful, good-humored, fascinating, in short, be possessed of all the qualities that charm; but it must not be frivolous, commonplace sensational and empty.

Classical music, in two other words, means *good music*.

PHILHARMONIC societies in Germany are little in need of the concerted action of professional musicians. The associations there, especially in smaller cities, are in great part composed of skilled amateurs, with a thin admixture of professionals taken from the resident theatrical orchestra or regimental band. The heavier brass and many of the wind instruments (at least we hope that Music has not advanced to that degree in Fatherland, that *pater familias* is in the habit of delighting his offspring with vigorous blasts upon the trombone or tremendous scrapings upon the double bass-viol) are therefore represented by the military and the more important instruments, such as the first violin, first violincello or first flute by the concertmeister of the theatre or the Herr Director of the Weisenhaus-kappelle.

In Germany, where local matters change slowly and the same people live and die in the same places, the members of such societies remain very nearly the same for many years, the performances increasing in excellence, although the society may be somewhat ultra-conservative in the choice of its pieces. It is nothing unusual, to find philharmonic societies of thirty or forty years standing, and it is not at all wonderful that, with such surroundings, and under such favorable influences the Germans should be an essentially musical people, though by no means exclusively so, since other Arts and Sciences receive equally profound and zealous cultivation in a country which Swedenborg already designated as the "brain" of the world.

Philharmonic societies in Germany are the tangible result of the better amateurism of that country.

The very marked progress of the American people in musical matters impresses us with the hope that the same status may be reached here much sooner than present apparent circumstances might warrant.

THERE are two distinct classes among men of genius. One comprises those who in early youth appear as stars of the first magnitude, creating, enduring masterpieces, plucked as it were, from heaven, and in apparent contradiction of the natural laws of evolution and slow progressive development—human meteors—of whom we know not whence they come, seemingly effects without cause! Mendelssohn wrote the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at eighteen, a work beyond which he could not go, either in depth of invention or in the art of construction, in spite of the serious striving of after years. The poet Jean Paul Frederick Richter gave evidence, in his very first works, of the fully developed, and most brilliant features of his rare genius. Mozart, Schubert, Schille attained phenomenal mental proportions long before their maturity of manhood.

The other class is composed of hard workers, who commence their ascent at the very bottom of the ladder, climbing it step by step, until at last they reach the very summit of excellence and greatness. They receive and take the inheritance of tradition, acquiring from it, through faithful and persevering labor the vastest resources from the very outset. There appears, gradually the individual force and progressive originality, conquering its liberty, not through inspiration alone, but through culture, enlarging and deepening like a mighty river nearing the ocean.

THERE are strata in the art of music as well as in the crust of the earth. Each strata has its separate development, and comes to maturity within its own limits. Posterity preserves none but the really good productions of each generation—those which have intrinsic merit and are able to stand the test of time. There are comparatively few of these among a vast number of compositions, the bulk of which is destined to perish. But although these ephemeral ebullitions, fashionably brilliant and sensational, are quickly forgotten, they have their own life of progression, and are linked to each other from epoch to epoch, undergoing not a mere change of fashion, but also a consistent development. They form the lower strata of art and art progression. They are fashionable because they are easily understood, and carry all they contain on their surface. It requires neither study, thought

nor love to appreciate them; they give all they have at once; but underneath their brilliant exterior there is an empty void. Such are the vast majority of the successful piano pieces, songs and organ compositions of the day. There is something suspicious even in their popularity and success. If they were really good, it would take a little time to become intimately acquainted with them. Who the Aschers, Welys, Baptistes, and a little higher up, the Gottschalks, Lysbergs and Ketterers were thirty years ago, we know not and care not; they have perished; their successors will quickly perish again; and others will take their places, discovering new ways to attract and tempt the superficial. But we may confidently hope, that as musical education becomes more general and thorough, fashionable music will gradually rise to a higher level, and at last find the path of true and noble Art.

In painting, the Artist is both the composer and executant. In music, the composer is one, the executant another; or we may put it in this way: the art of music and its execution admit of the aid of more than one person. In fact a host of singers and players may write in one grand demonstration of harmony. This possibility is not in itself an element of highest beauty; it is one of great power, which contributes to secure to the musical Art its greatest popularity.

Poetry and Drama share this power, but not at all to the same extent.

In music, effect is often mistaken for beauty, even by those, whose taste, cultivation and experience would seem to guard them against deception. In piano music, written with a view of calling out the resources of the instrument, the skill of the performer may easily mislead the ordinary hearer.

It may be safely asserted, that effective music is generally the least beautiful. Where there is so much effect, there is little room for beauty, which finds its spiritual expression in earnestness, tenderness, grace, humor and affection, and in an outward sense, in symmetry of design, beautiful proportion of the smaller parts, and consistency in the arrangement and evolution of thought. The qualities on the other hand, which belong to effect, are brilliancy coloring, telling contrast, demonstration of mere power, passion, fantastic combination, and striking modulation in harmony. These qualities of effect, skillfully worked out in an orchestra or on an organ, are so fascinating, and may so readily be presented in imposing proportion, that the educated musician, the strictly able critic, or the man of innate good taste can alone distinguish the pretentious from the meritorious. Hence it is that composers devoted to the invention of effect may, for a short period, obtain the admiration of the greater portion of the musical world, but cease to exist, unheeded and forgotten, when the unfailing judgment of time shall have passed its verdict against them, noiselessly but irresistibly. That is why we may well mistrust the astounding effects, in orchestra and upon the operatic stage, of some of our modern composers. We repeat it, beauty and effect do not willingly go hand in hand. Beauty, however, is by no means without effect. It creates it naturally at every breath and every step, but not as an end aim, merely as a generous outgrowth of its own lovely existence.

ROBERT GOLDBECK.

CAUSERIES ON THE ARTS.

[CONTINUED FROM NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

BY COUNT A. DE VERVINS.

CONCERNING POETRY.

IN Germany and in England that harmony is only of secondary consideration; the power of the idea alone securing lasting success. And in the old English ballads, that have a certain likeness to the Spanish romances, the Art of the composition and the often unexpected vigor of a spirit and of a profound idea manifest themselves so strongly that the inequality and the imperfection of style are scarcely felt.

When in later times nations began to interchange their literary productions there arose a sort of mixture or fusion of their respective poetical works, which begin to participate more or less, by imitation, of the form of the foreign works, even though the national character always remained permanent.

French literature, in trying to assimilate the two qualities of the nations between which it found itself geographically placed succeeded only in rare instances. The French language, which in regard to clearness ranks above all other tongues known, does not adapt itself well to twisted or equivocal expressions; and it is perhaps on this account that it rebels more than any other language against ideal poetry. On the one side it has not enough inflection, and not enough accents to please mere harmony; on the other it expresses ideas with such precision that it keeps the mind of the reader within the exact limits of the words employed, and leaves no chance to the mind or the imagination to pass beyond them. The French have then in literature or poetry, properly so called, two difficulties to surmount, while the Italians, like the English, have only one in their way. The French language must first attach by the charm of style, like all Southern languages; and secondly captivate by thought, like the languages of the North, lest it should fatigue or tire by empty sound.

This is a double merit which we find in all the great masters; but, on the whole, the Greeks are the only people who have often and fully reached the two conditions of *harmony* and *thought*. This is the reason why their poets are the lasting models of taste, and the only masters whom modern writers may follow.

It is probable that at the time of the formation of languages and the organization of societies, poetry, which is for us only an art, was the natural language of men, since, being in the midst of the scenes of nature, seeing at every step new objects, being subject to the sudden changes of a savage life, stricken by the sight of the phenomena on earth and in the heavens, which they could not help ascribing to the direct intervention of Divinity: it was impossible that their mind, incapable of abstract ideas, should not have searched for images by means of which to express their emotions, and even that in the choice of those images

they should not have instinctively chosen those that were most calculated to strike the imagination and engrave themselves on memory. But this is in my view precisely that which constitutes poetry, be it in verse or in prose; and it is so true, that the ancient times of all nations, whether of the north or south, have handed down to us poems in which we recognize this same resemblance. At a later period, following the progress which every nation made, changes came over the world of thought: men learned to suppress their passions; their habits modeled the individuals of one and the same society on an almost uniform plane, language changed its character and science lorded it over imagination, which became impoverished in proportion as the arts and sciences grew richer. It was then that the form assumed an importance which at first it did not have; the original end of art disappeared and the *means* became all-important, that is to say: after having remarked, that those poets were considered models, who had succeeded in pleasing by the aid of certain forms, their successors applied themselves to reproduce those forms, without aiming higher, thinking to achieve the same results by the same means.

On the other hand the study of abstract sciences, which is more general in our days than it was in the past, accustomed the mind to analysis. The technical terms, which have been adopted in order to achieve those arduous operations of the mind, do not belong to the domain of poetry, which rather repulses them, but nevertheless those terms have introduced among us the usage of a brevity of expression, the influence of which we constantly feel.

In an age when habits and usages have brought about this same result and we cannot deny that this is the case with ours, it is essential that we should recall to mind the observation of rules, that is, of the great models of the Beautiful and the True, instead of organizing the Era of decline by giving ourselves up to the study of the real and the ugly. In order to escape these aberrations, and to turn the minds of men again into a more poetical direction it is necessary to study *the ancients*, not in their form but in their ideas, that is, in finding out what ends they had in view; for it was in steering towards this end that the necessity of the proper form to be adopted manifested itself naturally. For this form must always differ, according to the time and customs, though it will always respect the fundamental idea or the end, which is to charm the ear and elevate the mind by pure aesthetics, without barbarous words and low or monstrously realistic images such as the new school seems to affect.

In fact, if the young nations are more inclined to take their metaphors from nature and the grand pictures which she unfolds before their eyes, this disadvantage of the, the older civilized people, may be considered in some degree compensated by the perfection of their language, which offers them a larger choice of expressions to describe more delicate impressions. If the imagination of a people with whom Sciences are largely cultivated is less strong and brilliant, and if it rebels more against enthusiasm, the minds of that people are more developed, and their language must be able to express all that the uncouth language of the primitive barbarian tried to render, and if their taste is not depraved they must be quite as practical—though, perhaps, in a different way—than ever were the ancients.

(Continued in the January Number.)

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

THE composition to Tennyson's famous "Bugle Song," which we publish in the present number of ART AND MUSIC, was kindly furnished us by Mrs. A. E. Kroeger, for whom Prof. Sobolewski wrote it when giving her vocal instruction. Though Tennyson's poems are not generally well adapted for musical treatment, being too musically sonorous in themselves, we think that Mr. Sobolewski solved a difficult task very successfully when he threw off this sketch.

THERE are also two extracts from the "Fountain of Youth," by W. H. Pommer in this number. Mr. Pommer was a favorite pupil of Prof. Eduard Sobolewski.

Mr. W. H. POMMER has received a libretto, to which he will probably write the music. So we may have a new home opera in prospect for next season.

THE Bethoven Conservatory of Music gave its first musical soiree at the Memorial Hall, Dec. 16th, under the direction of Mr. A. Waldaur. The programme was an excellent one, and the pupils showed the careful training they received. The honors of the event were carried off by Mr. Charles Zimmer, who played a violin solo. We predict for Mr. Zimmer a brilliant future.

THE first concert of the Ladies Musical Club, which was held at the residence of Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames, 1615 Lucas Place, Monday evening, Dec. 26th, was indeed a recherche affair. All who attended it pronounced it one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever held in a private residence in this city. The programme was select and all that could be desired. Every one was appreciative and overflowing with joy.

THESE private concerts are becoming very popular in this city, and we hope that there will be more organizations and concerts, for they cultivate and elevate society.

MARIE GEISTINGER, the celebrated German actress, has made hosts of friends for the past few weeks. Her fine vocal talents and her wonderful versatility as an actress, have been appreciated by our German citizens. Mr. Charles Pope deserves great credit in giving our German citizens this rich treat. We hope it will be repeated often.

MASTER THEODORE BERNAYS SPIERING is without exception the only real prodigy on the violin in this part of the country. He is only ten years old. His father, Professor Ernest Spiering, commenced to teach him when four years old. We had an occasion to hear him play a duett with his father, which was wonderfully executed for one so young. Master Spiering has lately played in the Philharmonic concert, the seventh Air of De Beriot's, which surprised and delighted every one. He also played at a private musicale in the West

End, which was his last appearance for this season. Master Spiering's talent is born, not acquired.

THE second concert of the Choral Society will give the "Fair Melusina," by H. Hoffman, at Mercantile Library Hall, Friday, the 3d of February, with chorus and orchestra of thirty-six pieces. Mrs. F. W. Peebles, Miss F. Connet, Messrs. Joseph Saler and Webster Narcross, as soloists; Mr. Joseph Otten, Conductor.

PETERS' MUSICAL MAGAZINE has made its appearance.

WE have it from good authority that this city is in need of good tenor singers.

THE Philharmonic Quintette Club will have a Beethoven night January 30th. This we understand will be the finest concert of this season.

THE next concert of the Musical Union takes place next Thursday, January 26th. The programme promises to be unusually rich. Among the novelties are an Overture by the great English Composer, Stendale Bennet, and the Ballet Music of Rubinstein's Opera "Ferampos." A young lady of Cincinnati, an Alto Singer, is to make her *debut*; and Mr. Geo. Heerich will play a violin solo. The Grand Orchestra of the Musical Union consists of fifty instrumental performers, all under the direction of Mr. A. Waldauer.

MISS KEILER'S testimonial at Pickwick Hall was a great success, considering the disappointment which was caused by Mr. Strauss's non-appearance. At the last moment Messrs. Ph. Branson and Kuttner undertook, and volunteered to sing the part of "Pippo" in "Mascotte," which they did remarkably well. Great praise is due to Messrs. Epstein, the talented young Conductors, who carried the opera through in their usual effective style. Chorus and Orchestra were excellent.

MISS NELLIE STRONG.—This talented lady made her *debut* at the last concert of the Musical Union, and proved herself to be an artist and magnificent pianist. Although the Concerto from Reinicke she played was of such magnitude and so intensely classical and difficult that it was no easy task, even for a musical audience to understand it, at a first hearing, yet, musicians and all agreed that her rendering of the composition was a masterly effort, and equal to the best piano playing we have had this season.

MR. E. R. KROEGER and Mr. J. A. Kieselhorst gave a *soiree musicale* at the Trinity Chapel, Tuesday evening, January 24th. The programme was a very select one. The Soprano and Alto Duo, "The Crimson Glow," by Misses Nini and Grace Russell was rendered with exquisite effect and sweetness. The Flute Solo—"Grand Allegro de Concert," op. 18, Terschak, by Mr. J. A. Kieselhort, was the finest flute music we have ever heard in this city.

The Piano Solo, "In the Woods," Etude, by Mr. E. R. Kroeger, was a spirited performance, and in every way did credit to the composer.

THE Beethoven Conservatory of Music is preparing for its second grand concert, when several new aspirants for public favor will appear.

ADELINA PATTI, for her farewell concert at Pope's, will appear in the second scene of the first act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the entire second act of "Il Barbiere de Seviglia." In the music lesson Patti will introduce the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah."

BUGLE SONG.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

EDUARD SOBOLEWSKI.

Andante.

Voice.

1 The splen - dor falls on cas - tle walls And snow - y sum - mits, old in sto - ry: The
2 O hark! O hear how thin and clear—And thin - ner, clear - er, far - ther go - ing, O
3 O love they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill or field, or riv - er: Our

PIANO.

p *pp*

long light skates a - cross the lakes, And the wild cat' - ract leaps in glo - ry.
sweet and far from cliff and sear The horns of Elf - land sweet - ly blow - ing.
ech - oes roll from soul to soul, And grow for - ev - er and for - ev - er.

pp

Blow, bu - gle, blow, set the wild ech - oes fly - ing,

Blow, bu - gle; an - swer, ech - oes dy - ing, dy - ing, dy - - - ing.

morendo. *ppp* *ppp* *ppp*

TWO SELECTIONS FROM THE OPERA
"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH."

(a.) NOCTURNE.

W. H. POMMER.

PIANO.

Andantino.

Sempre dolce

cres - - - *cen* - - *do*, *mf* *de* - - - *cres* -

cen - - - *do*.

p

pp

p

pp

p

pp

morendo al fine.

mf *Quasi corno.* *poco ritenuto.* *tempo.* *pp*

poco ritenuto.

ritardando. *ppp*

(b.) MARCIA FUNEBRE.

Poco Adagio.

p

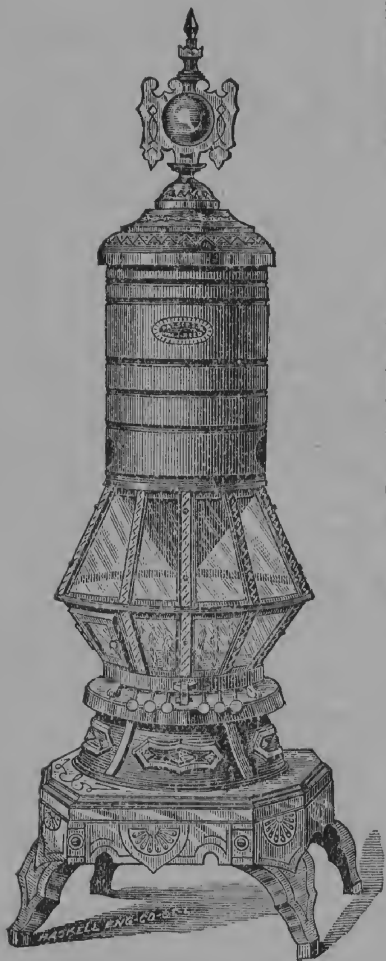
pp *legato.*

p

legato. *pp*

pp

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with two staves. The first system begins with a treble staff and a bass staff, both in C major and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Poco Adagio'. The first system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The second system features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. It includes a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking and a 'legato' articulation. The third system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the treble staff and a corresponding bass line, ending with a double bar line and repeat signs. The final dynamic marking is *pp*.



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THE MAIDEN.

(Who seldom makes mistakes.)

She is a maiden young and fair—
A seamstress, by the way—
Who sings and sews, with happy heart,
Through all the blessed day.
'Twas only Tuesday evening last
My heart received a pang,
For Maggie all the evening long
Of CORTICELLI sang.

I told her of my constant love,
The heart that beat for her;
I pictured well a happy life,
And begged her not to defer;
For well she knew the love I craved,
The joy that it would bring;
But what did she, but as before,
Of CORTICELLI sing.

This was too much to well endure;
My heart was bowed with grief,
And it would burst, I surely thought,
Unless it found relief.
I curtly asked my seamstress fair,
While feeling much alarm,
What could this be, this perfect thing—
This CORTICELLI charm?

She sweetly smiled and said: "My love,
How stupid you must be!
Have you not heard the praises sung,
Of maidens fair and free,
Of thread that's pure, and smooth and strong,
That never knots or breaks—
The silken thread that maidens use
Who seldom make mistakes?"



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